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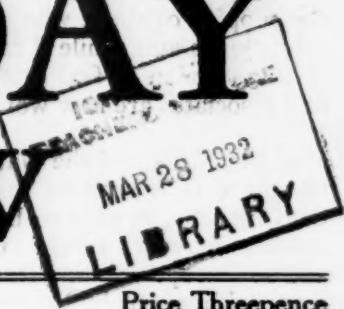
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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE sudden revival of confidence at home which distinguished last week from its dreary predecessors since the autumn has been followed by an equally sudden revival of confidence abroad in the stability of British credit. The domestic movement was due in the main to the tariff and the prospect of a reduction of direct taxation, but this can have had little effect on the Continent and in America. The change in foreign sentiment is principally due to the repayment of a large portion of the British credits arranged in Paris and New York six months ago, and to the Treasury decision to remove the embargo on the export of British capital.

exchanges, which astonished the ordinary citizen on Tuesday afternoon. It is true that the employment figures have improved, that securities are up, and that recent flotations have been heavily over-subscribed, but all three points together were hardly sufficient to account fully for the sudden improvement. Six weeks ago men were gloomily anticipating the fall of the pound to twelve or even ten shillings in New York; but sterling is now being talked up to a figure near parity. That is, of course, absurd; but there is no reason to anticipate any immediate decline.

The German Presidency

Although Germany is to choose her president on Sunday the situation in that country is most obscure, and it seems more than likely that no candidate will obtain a clear majority

Sterling Speculation

The result was seen in a spectacular rise of the pound sterling on the international

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on the first ballot. Von Hindenburg is obviously unhappy at being dependent upon the support of those who opposed his election seven years ago, while it cannot but be galling to the old man to find that all his old friends and associates are now working for his defeat.

If the Nazis and the Nationalists can agree to run a Hohenzollern at the second ballot, the President, in view of his affection for that dynasty, may well refuse to stand against him, and so Europe will find itself confronted once more with a republic governed by a Prince-President. In that case, the German monarchists would do well to put forward the eldest son of the Crown Prince, as their candidate for the throne against whom nothing can be alleged, which is certainly not so with regard to most of his relations.

Whatever the upshot, I shall be greatly surprised if it makes much difference to the rest of Europe. Responsible Germans of all parties know that the financial position of the Reich does not admit of adventures, and I would even go so far as to say that even if Herr Hitler were elected on the first ballot the attitude of Germany at the Reparations Conference in the summer would be much the same as if he were ignominiously defeated. After all, the deciding factor at the moment is not political but economic.

A Danubian Federation?

Why was the Austro-Hungarian Empire broken up, and that very excellent monarch, the Emperor Charles, deprived of his throne? This question naturally arises when one reads of the French proposals for the creation of a Danubian Federation, which promises to be a sort of inferior Hapsburg monarchy controlled from Paris. This tearing down of what exists, and the substitution of a feeble imitation, is one of the distressing phases of the post-war period.

So far as Great Britain is concerned, I trust that the Government will examine the suggestion very closely indeed, for on the face of it the proposal looks like an attempt to exclude this country from the Central European market for the benefit of France. The *Anschluss* has many disagreeable features, but the incorporation of the whole of the old Hapsburg dominions in a union under French control would, from the British point of view, be infinitely worse.

Oaths and No Oaths

For some years past it has been a common jest on the other side of St. George's Channel that the answer to the question "When is an oath not an oath?" is "When it has been taken

by Mr. De Valera," but now that this gentleman is apparently on the eve of assuming office, if hardly power, his attitude towards oaths becomes of greater importance. He was once willing to subscribe to a form of allegiance as different from that at present taken by the members of the Oireachtas as was Tweedle-dum from Tweedledee, but that was ten years ago, and his present attitude is that an oath of any sort sticks in his Republican gizzard.

It is therefore not very surprising to learn that the search for a formula has already begun, and voices are being raised in favour of a compromise. How this can be arranged I am frankly quite unable to perceive. Either the King of England is the sovereign of the Irish Free State or he is not. If he is, then the oath to him must be taken. If not, then the Irish Free State is no longer a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and her nationals are aliens wherever the Union Jack flies.

If it were possible to break down the walls that divide Northern Ireland from the Free State, and for the oath to be taken to King George, not as King of England, but as King of Ireland, that would be the ideal solution, but, unfortunately, it is not practical politics. Such being the case, and the British Empire being a monarchical State, either the oath must remain as it is, or the Irish Free State must become an independent Republic. Mr. De Valera cannot have it both ways.

It is to be hoped that the British Government, while doing nothing provocative, will make it quite clear to the new masters of the Free State that the Statute of Westminster was as far as this country intends to go. As for the oath, it must remain, and if Mr. De Valera chooses to take it with mental reservations, that is a matter between him and his Maker, with which the British Government is in no way concerned.

What is Cause?

A lecture by Professor J. L. Stocks at Manchester University last Monday on "the Eclipse of Cause" made the point that recent physical research had rather loosened the belief in the existence of a determinist universe which has held steadily since Newton, with the result that some of our scientists—Eddington was specifically mentioned—use language to-day which suggests that they no longer believe in a sequence of cause and effect. Mr. Stocks himself does not echo these anarchic ideas, but it would be idle to deny that they are somewhat widely held in the world of science.

Actually, of course, the learned world is suffering at the moment not only from a surfeit of undigested fact but also from a

plethora of unstable hypothesis, with the unfortunate result that professors, like other men, sometimes contradict themselves as well as each other, and occasionally produce solutions which turn out to be *non sequiturs*. No doubt the wheat and the tares will be separated in time, but the present confusion of thought in the scientific world may well suggest an odd subject of speculation to the psychologist or historian.

There seems a peculiar parallel between political and philosophical thought, in the sense that the belief in determinism has been strongest when authority was strongest, the belief in evolution has been strongest when the idea of progress was accepted as axiomatic last century, while the theory of indeterminism has come to the fore in the present anarchic age. Is the one a reflection of the other; and if so, does philosophy influence politics, or politics influence philosophy? Or is the coincidence itself, like the present-day theories, merely fortuitous and accidental?

"The Red Boy"

I am sorry to see that Lawrence's portrait of Master Lambton, "The Red Boy," is to be included among the pictures which Lord Durham is selling next month. Rumours, and rumours of rumours as to its future destination have been rife during the past eighteen months and it has been said that the owner refused an offer—was it £80,000, or was it £200,000?—from the United States.

However we shall know the worst—or the best?—soon enough now. One thing appears inevitable: the "Red Boy" is bound to go the way of all Old Masters by following "Pinkie" and "Blue Boy" across the Atlantic. Now that we have legislation for imports, the Government may possibly some day imitate the example of Italy and turn its attention to the converse question of exported works of art. Surely the time is ripe for the sale of objects of national interest, whether Old Masters, first folio Shakespeares or Tudor Cottages, to be prohibited.

The only defence of these exports that I have heard comes from living artists and authors, who maintain that the exaggerated respect paid to classic pictures and prints blocks the way for contemporary merit. How far that is true I am not prepared to say, but it is at least possible that if a millionaire could no longer buy a Reynolds or a Romney for a rise in price, he might speculate in some current pictures.

Bonar Law

The new portrait of Bonar Law which Mr. Baldwin unveiled at the Constitutional Club last week is a beautiful piece of work, but it is not Bonar Law as most of us remember him. It seems to represent the retired Glasgow iron-master of fifty, shrewd, keen and confident, rather than the tired statesman of sixty whom old House of Commons men recollect.

The earlier Bonar was ambitious; the later Bonar had flung away ambition for duty, and he gave the impression of a man who had learned all that a man may learn of the world's sorrows. His wife had died in Leeds—he always refused to speak in Leeds again—and two sons were killed in the war; there was no real happiness for him after that.

To some extent it is true that he worked in order to forget; and religion, I am told, failed to console him. Towards the end, I understand, he was in effect a sceptic; and those tired and wistful eyes latterly suggested a man conscious of being faced by problems too big for him to solve. This, and not the Bonar Law of the portrait, is the statesman whom most of us remember.

Sousa

The "Washington Post" will be remembered as Sousa's one contribution to music. It was not, and did not pretend to be, great art, but at least it was a rousing tune that went with a swing, and it had more body (and possibly more soul as well) than many later compositions on both sides of the Atlantic that only masquerade as music, but are in fact a mere sequence of disconcerted noises.

Women and Secrets

It strikes one as rather absurd that France should refuse to remove a sex-barrier in the rules governing entry to the learned professions on the ground that women cannot keep a secret. Tradition and the proverb certainly support that attitude, but there is no evidence that I know of—at any rate in this country—that in this respect tradition and evidence are true.

There are many women doctors and only a few women lawyers in this country. I have never consulted either, and have therefore no opinion as to their competence; but I have never heard any complaint that they betrayed professional secrets entrusted to them by patients or clients. As to the patient race of women secretaries, who know most of the secrets of business London, I cannot recall a single instance in which one has been charged with betraying a confidence.

THE APOSTLE OF FRENCH PEACE

M. BRIAND had been politically dead for several months before death, in its physical form, overtook him. In many ways he was a man of strange contradictions, and this in its turn has led to him being praised in quarters where one would have expected to find him censured, and being attacked by those who should in the ordinary course of events have been his foremost supporters. The secret of this lies in the fact that the average Frenchman could never forget M. Briand's attitude in domestic matters, while the average foreigner never knew anything about it.

He was, above all else a man of the Left, and he had been in politics all his life. This means that he was an anti-clerical and a Dreyfusard, and anyone who knows anything of French life must realise at once what a host of enemies his attitude in these matters would necessarily raise against him. Such being the case, it naturally came about that the man who was primarily responsible for rivetting the yoke of France on the neck of Europe more tightly than at any date since the fall of Napoleon was bitterly attacked by the Nationalists in his own country, and to the day of his death the newspapers of the Right did not hesitate to refer to him as *le vieux singe*, and even by still more opprobrious phrases.

Briand's motto might well have been *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, and when he talked so convincingly of peace few foreigners realised what he meant was French peace, based upon the inviolability of the Treaty of Versailles. Yet his powers of persuasion were unsurpassed in the present age, for while the frontiers of France bristled with men and guns the world took him at his own valuation as

the apostle of peace. Had he been able to overcome the hostility of his opponents at home he might have succeeded in mesmerising Europe into acceptance of the full demands of France, but he was too suspect to the Right, and it was M. Coty and the *Action Française* that brought him down in the end.

His future place in history is not easy to determine. On one occasion, at least, he displayed a foresight for which he has never received full credit, and that was when he was ready to discuss peace with the Emperor Charles of Austria at the time of the famous mission of Prince Sixte of Bourbon: had he remained in office then we might have been saved eighteen months of carnage. On the other hand, he steadfastly set his face, possibly at the behest of the Grand Orient, against any improvement of Franco-Italian relations, and it is a significant fact that in spite of his notorious partiality for personal interviews he never met, nor expressed any desire to meet, Signor Mussolini.

In fine, Briand cannot be compared with Clemenceau or Poincaré, for his work, unlike theirs, will hardly endure. Locarno is now little more than an unpleasant recollection, and who remembers the once famous conversations at Thoiry? Yet, while he lived, he maintained his country's prestige, and it remains to be seen whether his more realistic successors will fare as well, for already Europe is showing herself more restive before the biting logic of André Tardieu than she was before the honeyed phrases of Aristide Briand, who knew so well how to play the part of a good European without for a moment forgetting to be a good Frenchman, according to his lights, all the time.

BREACH OF PROMISE

TWO or three more than usually notorious cases in the Courts lately have once more directed public attention to the law which governs what is known as breach of promise, and the Press has been filled with columns of what can only be described as mostly irrelevant matter. The plain fact, of course, is that only a mere handful of those entitled to bring actions of this nature ever do so, and that of these probably ninety per cent. may be described as legal blackmail. In short, the law as it stands is manifestly absurd in the fourth decade of the twentieth century, however much it may have been needed in the days of our grandfathers when women were more unsophisticated, and trifling with their affections was in consequence a great deal easier.

At the same time it is clearly desirable that

there should be some law on the statute-book to punish the scoundrel who seduces an innocent girl under promise of marriage, and then refuses to carry out his part of the bargain. In our opinion, the deciding factor should be the seduction. If the girl has been persuaded voluntarily to sacrifice her virginity as the result of a promise that sooner or later she shall become the wife of her seducer, and if the latter declines to fulfil his obligation, then the injured party should be in a position to sue for breach of contract in the ordinary way: if, furthermore, she has borne a child, that should most certainly be taken into account in the assessment of damages.

The law, as it stands at present, is based upon a mixture of sentimental and mercenary considerations, and consequently, like so many laws in this country, it is liable to become the

instrument of the unscrupulous, while it denies justice to those whom it is intended to benefit. When actions for breach of promise are brought, and quite often won, by mistresses of many years' standing against those who have kept them, solely upon the evidence of some unguarded letter, the height of absurdity, and of injustice, is reached. The real possessor of a broken heart would probably go through fire and water rather than have all her unhappiness retailed in open court crowded with salacious listeners.

In fine, the law should be altered so that

the action in question is based upon the creation of contractual obligations and the consideration given. There is no need to forbid human sentiment in our law-courts, but sentimentality should find no place in them, and of this latter national weakness of law relating to breach of promise is a leading example. No other country in the world asks its judges and jurors to assess the cash value of wounded affections and the sooner we cease to do so the nearer the law will be to corresponding with the manners and customs of the age.

LIBERALISM IN DECAY

THE Liberal Party presents an almost insoluble problem to any student of politics. There are the Simonites, the Lloyd Georgeites, the Samuelites and the Harrisites, and if anyone was admitted to their divided Councils he would of a surety be able to discover yet further microscopic factions and sects. The National Government was elected to face a National Emergency. With the exception of the group led by Sir John Simon it is true to say that the rest have done nothing but attempt to harass the Government from its inception. Much could be forgiven the leaders of the dissentient groups if they had placed an alternative programme before the House of Commons. But not they. Sir Herbert Samuel has been far too busy preparing scathing speeches with which to embarrass his colleagues, too busy indeed to have even attempted to avert the disastrous riots in Dartmoor Prison which will always be a blot on his political escutcheon. Sir Percy Harris is too taken up in denouncing the Wheat Quota as a Bread Tax to realise that the Quota is at least a step towards providing those engaged in the agricultural industry with enough money to buy bread. The appalling desolation of the Countryside leaves him unmoved but the relative importance of his position in the Opposition gives him ample opportunity to waste the precious time of the House which in itself is the be-all and end-all of his existence. Major Lloyd George carries on urbanely and courageously but his minute following would have been in danger of extinction had his illustrious father delayed his return to the House much longer.

What would Sir Herbert Samuel have the Government do to maintain sterling and redress the adverse balance of trade? What is his plan for reducing the gigantic number of unemployed? That is a secret which is locked, and likely to remain locked, in the Samuelian bosom. From his Olympian but draughty

political heights he ignores the fact that foreign firms are tumbling over each other to secure factory sites in this country, factories which with the exception of a few technicians will employ British Labour, even as he has always ignored the prosperous state of those industries which have enjoyed Safeguarding Duties in the past. He cannot blame the electorate for presuming, when it recalls to mind the part he played less than three years ago in drawing up and expounding that document entitled "We Can Conquer Unemployment," that he is still befuddled and obsessed by that voluptuous dream. Also, after a thunderous denunciation of the Tariff Bill interpersed with rosy pictures of the paradisal state of England under Free Trade, he voted for the Wheat Quota.

The Budget will be the acid test. It is almost certain that the Cabinet will split over the reduction of Income Tax even as it did over the Tariff Bill. A further split will prove too great a strain even for the delightfully irresponsible policy of "agreeing to differ." The opportunity to get rid of the huckstering malcontents will present itself and Sir Herbert and his followers will return to the political wilderness from which they should never have emerged. The wrench of resigning from the last Cabinet in which he will ever have a seat will be severe. But he and his followers can find solace in the thought that they will be making way for better men, the only reason for whose presence on the backbenches is that they thought more of their country than of themselves. Men of such courage, and unselfishness will not stand by and see their country's cause for which they have fought all their lives wrecked by those who still live in the musty atmosphere of 1906. If their leader does not show an iron determination to stand up to the reactionary Free Trade forces in the Cabinet, he will go too.

THE GLANDS

BY PROFESSOR D. F. FRASER-HARRIS

A GLAND is a mass of living substance which is able to separate something from the blood.

The simplest type of gland is the sweat-gland in the skin, a coiled tube which separates mainly water from the blood. A very simple gland in respect of its activity is the tear-gland under the eyelid whose secretion is again a little salt water. Another such is the gland in the cheek in front of the ear, the parotid gland, which separates from the blood some very watery saliva. (This gland, by the way, is the one which becomes so painfully swollen in "mumps").

Our first idea of a gland is, then, a mass of living tissue provided with a duct or tube to carry off its secretion, the material which it has removed from the blood around it.

Even a gland so complicated as the kidney does the same sort of thing, that is, separates from the blood, water, salts and a chemical substance called urea all of which existed, ready-made in the blood.

But many glands do much more than this, they manufacture things which are not in the blood at all. Thus, the glands of the stomach are able to manufacture both pepsin and hydrochloric acid from the blood in which fluid neither of these things is to be found. There is no pepsin in the blood and no hydrochloric acid, and yet the glands of the stomach can actually manufacture these two chemical substances out of quite other materials in the blood. Similarly, other glands make, for instance, mucin the sticky material in the saliva, but there is no mucin in blood.

Such substances are called secretions, and they form a very large and diverse chemical group.

The simple glands of the stomach then, are secreting glands, and pepsin and hydrochloric acid are secretions. Secretions thus conveyed away from the glands are called external secretions.

About 30 years ago, it was discovered that there are some glands which have no ducts and, therefore, if they have secretions, these cannot be discharged out of the body. The ductless glands have been mysteries and problems ever since Anatomy was studied, but at last their secret has been discovered. The ductless glands do, indeed, have secretions but not external ones. Their secretions are absorbed by the blood and carried in that fluid to perform certain very definite and important duties often far from their seat of production.

Such glands are those of internal secretion.

The functions of the internally secreting glands could not be known until experimental physiology had become developed beyond its elementary stages.

One of the earliest things noted about these ductless glands was that they were absolutely necessary to life, for if they were removed from an animal, the animal sooner or later died. Thus they were sometimes called "vital" organs; although a better name would have been, "organs essential to life."

A definite example will make things clearer.

The thyroid gland is a ductless gland found in the throat just in part of "Adam's apple," the prominence

of the voice-box (larynx). This organ has an elaborate secretion which is taken up by the blood of the thyroid gland and is carried to the nervous system, the growth of which it profoundly influences. Thus if the gland is imperfectly developed in the early years of life, the child grows up very slowly and finally becomes an imbecile dwarf (cretin).

But the amazing thing is that if an extract of thyroid gland is given early enough and often enough to this unfortunate child, the dwarfed and imbecile condition disappears, and the child which previously was a frog-like cretin will grow up into a normal and even nice-looking youth. This can only be explained by assuming that before treatment, the child's thyroid gland was not supplying enough or any of its internal secretion, a substance medicinally supplied in the extract of the gland administered.

Fortunately, the internal secretion of the thyroid gland may be given by the mouth, so that the treatment is often in the form of sandwiches of sheep's raw thyroid gland.

If, on the other hand, the gland overgrows, the patient suffers from a condition of exophthalmic goitre which can be relieved by some of the gland being removed, thus showing that, previously, too much internal secretion was reaching the body.

Another very important internally secreting gland is the supra-renal (so called because it rests on the kidney), whose secretion has the totally unsuspected power of making the heart beat very strongly. This secretion has also the convenient property of stopping bleeding from small blood-vessels, so that the secretion, called adrenalin, is very largely used in minor surgery and in medicine.

The activity of the supra-renal gland is closely related to the emotion of anger, for some American physiologists have proved that just before an animal exhibits its rage at an enemy there is a distinct increase of adrenalin in its blood.

The biochemists have succeeded in manufacturing an artificial adrenalin which in its salutary effects on the body is indistinguishable from the natural secretion.

So far we have looked at two types of gland, those with ducts and an external secretion, and those without ducts but with an internal secretion. Nature, however, is so full of resource, that there is actually a third type, a gland with a duct and an external secretion as well as an internal section. The pancreas or "sweet-bread" is such a gland. Its external secretion is a very complex mixture of ferments performing digestive functions of the highest importance; but in addition, as was discovered a few years ago by two Canadian physiologists, the pancreas forms an internal secretion called "insulin." In the healthy body, this insulin prevents the accumulation of sugar in the blood, an undesirable condition called "diabetes." When insulin was extracted from the pancreas of the ox and injected into diabetics, it was found to have the most extraordinary

power of bringing down to normal the amount of their blood-sugar.

Thus, persons in the last stages of "diabetic coma" could be restored to consciousness, and so completely that, in one instance known to the writer, the moribund patient was able to send for his lawyer and make his will.

Before the beneficent discovery of insulin, diabetes was the more fatal the younger the patient, whereas now, the reverse is the case. The little diabetic child has to-day a greater chance of recovery by treatment with insulin than an older person, because the insulin co-operates with the greater vitality of the child's tissues.

The sex-glands are excellent examples of glands with two functions. For these glands not only form the ova and the sperms which are the beginnings of the next generation, but they also manufacture subtle internal secretions which are retained in the body and largely determine the sex-characteristics of the young adult.

Lastly, there are certain structures in the body called "glands" which are not in reality glands since they have no secretion and their essential substance is not the same as that of all the secreting glands.

The spleen is the largest and most important of these

so-called "glands," and the red bone-marrow is another tissue very similar to the spleen.

Other organs formed of spleen-like tissues are the tonsils, the thymus gland, the famous appendix and the no less notorious "adenoids."

Now whereas there is no doubt that "adenoids" should be removed since they obstruct mechanically the entrance of air through the nose into the lungs, it does not follow that the surgeon may remove the spleen or the thymus with the same certainty of benefit.

The spleen and the bone-marrow are blood-forming organs, and therefore of the greatest importance to the body.

The appendix is in a class by itself. A few biologists have assumed that it also has some valuable function in the bodily economy. Others, maintaining that it is a "vestigial organ," see in it no more than a pouch which, owing to its great liability to form an abscess, is better out of the body altogether. The suggestion to take out the appendix of every child before the years of puberty has not found general acceptance amongst surgeons who ought to exercise the greatest care in removing any tissue and any gland from the body while as yet its functions remain only partly understood.

TOBACCO GROWING IN ENGLAND

By V. W. HANCOCK-NUNN

IN no part of our national existence is depression so acute as in agriculture. Various attempts have been made to revive what was once our staple industry. Whether in the form of subsidies to particular crops, as in the case of sugar beet, or in special remedies as in taking off the shoulders of the farmer the payment of rates, these efforts have not come up to expectations. Not too many hopes should be placed on the legislation now before Parliament. Some years at least will have to elapse before wheat growing can be a paying concern. In the meanwhile, it is the belief of the present writer that there is one last remedy worth trying, namely, the growing of tobacco.

This is not so ridiculous as it may seem. Tobacco was grown in England until the colonies were able to oust the home grown production. It has been proved that tobacco will grow in almost any climate, even in the cold of Norway or the damp of Ireland. Moreover, although the public is unaware of it, a tobacco farm has been in existence at Church Crookham, Hants, for approximately 20 years. During the last few years the present writer with generous assistance from this more experienced confrère in Hampshire has been experimenting with tobacco, and the results on the whole must be pronounced successful.

Tobacco will grow in England and grow well. It needs a rich soil, well manured and as much sun as possible. All the southern counties, where the sun is usually at its brightest, are suitable for tobacco. Quite a small area will produce a lot of leaf. In 10 to 20 square yards enough can be grown with which to make 5,000 cigarettes.

Sometime in the first fortnight of March, the seeds can be planted in an ordinary flower pot or in a specially prepared bed under glass. The temperature should be warm—say 65 degrees. When the plants are large enough to handle they should be moved into boxes. They can stay there until the first week in June, when the whole crop should be transplanted to the locality where it is destined to grow. As already indicated, this should have been well manured with animal manure and open to as much sun as possible.

Care should be taken to arrange for each individual plant to have adequate room, otherwise the leaves will get broken and spoilt. During the greater part of the "life" of the plant, the planter himself has little to do. He has, however, one important task known as "topping." At the top of the stalk the plant will flower: this must never be allowed, except occasionally where it goes to seed and the seeds are wanted for next year's crop. The "topping" consists in cutting off these flowers. Unless removed, the flowers will absorb plant energy. This plant energy with the flowers removed, now goes into the leaf where it is needed.

Towards the end of August and the beginning of September the lower leaves will turn brown. This is a sign that the harvest is near. By this time most of the leaves should have grown to full maturity and the crop can be gathered. The next step is the "curing" and it is here that the aid both of the scientist and the practical economist is chiefly needed.

The principal defect in English grown tobacco is lack of flavour. It is by no means certain that this is entirely

due to the climate and soil. It may be remedied by better manuring or more scientific curing. Only time and experiment can show, but in view of what has already been grown in England, it is in the highest degree probable that a tobacco leaf can be grown here which will satisfy a large section of our people and at the same time be an immense economic benefit to our country.

Curing to-day is achieved by hanging up the tobacco in a shed. For preference this shed should be dark, and at regular intervals along the floor of the shed, oak logs should be permitted to smoulder. The smouldering logs keep off mildew, insects, etc., during the three or four weeks the leaves hang in the "curing" shed. After about a month the leaves should have all turned a nice brown colour and so far as the agriculture aspect of the matter is concerned the operation is at an end. The leaves can then be made into cigarettes. (Cigars not unexpectedly are a failure so far, and pipe tobacco is either extremely hot and objectionable or it goes to the other extreme and is quite tasteless).

Capital and scientific research are needed. The industry is in a nascent state and unnecessarily hampered by a duty of six to seven shillings a pound, to say nothing of frequent visits by the local customs officer, who keeps an eye upon all operations from start to finish. But it is possible for the grower in England to sell cigarettes at sixpence or sevenpence for 20 or 25, which the retailer could re-sell at ninepence or tenpence, undercutting the existing market price. (Query: do we need a retailer?)

If every farmer grew an acre or two of tobacco and used central curing sheds and curing plant, the cost of production could be decreased and the profit increased. Is it too much to hope that, one of these days, we could sell home grown cigarettes at sixpence for 30? Looking farther ahead we may live to see "penny cigars for the working man." If a sufficiently smokeable leaf could be discovered this would have far reaching effects on our economic life. Other industries have tided over difficult periods with cheap articles for the masses; why not agriculture as well?

"MOUNTAINS"

BY JOHN HEYGATE.

THREE are some things about which it is discouraging to write, although everyone writes about them, and mountains, I am afraid, are in this class. I can imagine nothing that has not been said about mountains, snow and sunsets, and well said, too. They may inspire a parallel in the sight-seer's own life, or compel him for a moment to project his mind into saw-edged summits and shadowy ravines. But whether he takes the mountain to himself or himself to the mountain, language has its human limitations and sooner or later he will be found fitting some puny thought to the gigantic shufflings of geology.

At present I am living on a mountain near the post-war Brenner frontier between Italy and Tyrol, and I have ample opportunity to note the poor deficiencies of our language. The pure white snow before my window, for instance, is observed more closely not only to reflect every colour and tone, but itself to be dirty, a dangerous beverage and full of smuts and petty nastiness that we should by no means tolerate from the Metropolitan Water Board. "Grim" has become an accepted epithet for the Ravine, just as "defiant," "proud" or even "contemptuous" have attached themselves to the highest summit—clichés of the anthropomorphic lowlander which to the mountain dweller are almost meaningless. Even a writer of such original brilliance as D. H. Lawrence lapses into "awful" when describing "the curves and concaves" of a mountain pass not so far from where I am writing.

It was thus with some literary despair that I found myself, for the first time, looking down on three snow-roofed nations—a despair which has nothing to do with my enjoyment by ski, by foot or by mere contemplation. For the great advantage of outrageously magnificent

scenery is that one need not write about it. Someone else has probably done it better, and incidentally a slum in Bermondsey is always a more popular subject.

Yet I suppose it is natural to want to compare; a child's first explorations are in the nature of advancing comparisons, and for an adult a new face or a new book are too much to absorb at once without reference to some other author or to one feature of some past acquaintance. It is a dreadful habit: and it grows. And I thank my mountains that they look like nothing on earth and indeed are well on their way to heaven. Yet if you look at anything long enough, you get a shameful feeling that you should either move on, tell your friends about it or Take Action. Street accidents are a good example. In the case of mountains, unless you are an artist, and a good artist, you will end by wanting to go up them. It is extraordinary! I had always rather smiled at companionate spinsters and seedy school-masters who strap burdens to their back and set themselves ascents far more astringent than that of Parnassus. I see now. You have only to place one foot in the direction of the summit and nothing but the summit will suffice. In the first place—I speak as an amateur snow-scrambler—it is infinitely safer to continue to go up than to come down. I will go farther and submit that it is out of the question to go down until you have reached the top. With a pair of steel pointed ski sticks implanted in a vertical aspect of Austria the view is naturally limited to the flora and fauna one foot before the face, and these do not at this season include the notorious Autumn Crocus, the Alpen Rose nor the celebrated Edelweiss. From across the valley, like the grumble of an approaching express, comes the encouraging note of an avalanche. "Avalanche" repeats my friend, who is levering his way heavenwards with my as

well as his pair of skis. I remark beneath my advancing limbs that snow may resemble a channel crossing frozen into immobility, or a war picture by Paul Nash, or the ice cream on my birthday cake—during the war when cream was out of question. And I remark at the same time that the contemplative or comparative vision does not agree with Action, and Action just at this moment is imperative. As in social climbing, if you pause one instant, you stay put.

Although climbing is a pastime that becomes in itself an urgent end, it detracts nothing from achievement. I can imagine professionals roped curiously together whose pleasure ends with the climax. But, after a mule-like kick and struggle through a final foot of waist high snow, to free oneself from the eternal horizon, to stand up on the world surface and look round at the equal mountains, that is surely a noble pleasure, unspoiled by bestial human feelings. For whatever the pride begot of mastery, it is soon gone in the companionship of mountain summits. The human element (which has brought down Snowdon and Mont Blanc and Vesuvius with clanking chains to our feet). . . . the human element is distilled into the bright air of the upperworld. Turn where I may, there spring up sharp peaks against the sky. They spring up round my mountain like spouts of brilliant water. The laws of perspective and recession mean nothing to them. Rubbing shoulders with a neighbouring summit stands the Zuckerhütl, claimed as the highest in Tyrol, fifty miles distant. And above the valley where I walked that morning the famous Königspitz crowds into line, oblivious of the 180 kilometres of new Italy intervening. While to the north, almost shaking hands across the shrunken corpse of Austria, the Zugspitze (also with funicular) introduces Germany to our tableland.

Looking down dangerously, beyond the incredible crest of my ascension, I can see the man-made railway stuck to the sides of the mountain elbows and hear the hum

of the electric locomotive. A ball of white steam hangs in the valley and the sharp explosions of a steam engine beat against the walls of the mountains. The Austrian and Italian authorities not being able to agree on a common electrification, a panting, slithering steam engine hauls the Berlin-Rome express the two kilometres across the Brenner.

But look around and look upwards! It is a sure cure for conversation as well as comparisons. It is a cure I should like to commend to a fellow guest from Holland, who reads a dozen papers a day, can discuss superficially every subject and has travelled everywhere. But he has not been on my mountain, nor shall I encourage him, if there were the probability. For if after the final scramble over the skyline he were to stand up and compare the view with something in Java or Sumatra, I should certainly push him down again, down among his newspapers, his comparisons and endless conversation. For, as I prophesied at the outset, it is a mean task to write about mountains, just as one seems to know less and less about the lives of one's closest friends. Let them be. Leave them to make their own comparisons. I want nothing of my mountain, and if I stand in the wrong place it will most certainly expedite my disappearance. Of course I feel stronger and better (not "a better man") on the mountain's summit, where the roofless sunshine has in places melted the snow and my ill-directed skis slither over patches of close and flowerless turf. I remember arriving once on the top of Inverness-shire, where the blue hares sat up and stared at me, and finding the same green-brown barrenness. Here on the mountain side the turf is scraped and smarmed by avalanches like a stage curate's hair—forgive the comparison. But, before the sun goes, I must point out my favourite, Olperer, 3,480 metres, like an uncut diamond in sunshine, harsh and fearsome in shadow and having said as much I had better join the Dutchman over Abendessen and hear his views on reparations. For the experience, you see, has vanished.

VERSE

IF YOU COULD COME AGAIN . . .

If you could come again—and you—and you !
I wonder, would you tell
Of the immeasurable " Now " in which you dwell ?
Nay rather—so I think—we'd talk together
Of little things, the wind, the rain, the weather !
Scent of the gorse, purple of hills and heather,
Of furred and feathered friends we'd talk as well
I think, if you could come—and you.

So if departing breath must bring rebirth
Into some other strange and lonely earth
Beyond this " When " and " Where "—
Ah then speak first—speak first of little things,
The little trivial dear rememberings,
That the lost soul of me may know you there,
And you—and you.

M. PARDOE.

BRANDENBURG CONCERTO IN G.

This is the music from uncharted seas
In resonant stars beyond this wheeling Globe,
The magic of ethereal melodies
The wondering soul of man can never probe;

This is the music which a God would please
In the great glittering arc of awful Heaven,
A God enthroned beyond the Pleiades
Where all the Stars make music in the Even;

This is the music of man's stirring dreams
In the rich Empire of the wondering mind,
Which penetrates to unknown realms beyond
This little gilded World, where music seems
To raise the human soul above despond
And lead to immortalities that bind.

BASIL SOMERSET.

TENNYSON AND THE SEARCH FOR IMMORTALITY

III. REASON AND LOVE

BY LESLIE S. PEAKE.

BUT Tennyson had stronger grounds for believing in a life after death than those indicated in our two previous articles. These are to be found in the dual contribution made by Reason and Love.

Tennyson believed in Immortality because apart from it life would be robbed of its meaning. Voltaire once said that if there were no God it would be necessary to invent one. Tennyson would have said that if there were no proof of immortality it would be necessary to create such a proof. He could no more explain the Universe apart from a Hereafter than Voltaire could explain it apart from a Deity. If life ended at the tomb it would cease to have a meaning. All evidences that point to a higher development, all manifestations of truth, beauty and goodness, all the pain and struggle endured here upon earth would, he maintained, be destitute of aim and purpose if life terminated at the grave.

"My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is."

"In Memoriam," Canto xxxiv.

It may be true, Tennyson says, that the wages of sin is death, but can we say that the wages of Virtue are dust? Virtue asks for "no isles of the blest, no quiet seats for the just." She does not want to rest in a golden grove or bask in a summer sky, but she does require the wages of going on. It is only reasonable that she should continue and not perish. "I can hardly understand," Tennyson said on one occasion, "how any great imaginative man, who has deeply lived, suffered, thought and wrought, can doubt of the Soul's continuous progress in the after life." Has the vast universe been made for nought? What is the use of philosophy and science, of poetry and prayer, if we only end by "being our own corpse coffins at the last, swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps of a meaningless Past?" Immortality is a necessity of faith if we are to give any meaning to life at all. Like the speaker in "Lucretius" we grow tired of the "poor little life that toddles half an hour," and cry out for something that is bigger and better.

This Tennyson believed was particularly true in the realm of morality. He believed, rightly or wrongly, that it was only faith in a future life which prevented the moral system of the world from crumbling to pieces. Immortality did not only give meaning to life; it was the creator and promoter of morality also. Goodness, he maintained, could never be realised apart from eternal life. Morality and immortality were inseparable.

"Truth for truth and good for good! The Good,
the True, the Pure, the Just—
Take the charm 'For ever' from them, and they
crumble into dust."

"Locksley Hall Sixty Years After."

But Tennyson's supreme ground for believing in a future existence lay in his belief in the reality of Love. For Tennyson the one thing in life that was real was Love, and the one sin that could not be forgiven was

the sin against Love. As a boy Tennyson had been brought up by a severe aunt who belonged to the Calvinistic form of faith. This aunt would sit and weep for hours because she felt that God had been so infinitely good to her. "Has He not damned most of my friends?" she would cry, "But me, me He has picked out for eternal salvation, me who am no better than my neighbours." On one occasion she is said to have turned to her nephew and said, "Alfred, Alfred, when I look at you, I think of the words of the Holy Scripture—'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.'"

From such red-hot training Tennyson turned away in disgust, and in opposition to a God who delighted in the punishment of the wicked he proclaimed a God who was infinite love and infinite pity. There was no sin that could not be forgiven save the sin against Love. He that has chosen Love has chosen all things; he that has rejected Love has missed the whole purpose of his life.

"And he that shuts Love out in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in the outer darkness."

Introduction to "The Palace of Art."

In "The Palace of Art" the soul falls into a loathing of herself because she has surrounded herself with beauty but neglected human Love. In "The Princess" the "whole airy fabric" falls to the ground because in the pursuit of knowledge Ida and her maidens have left no room for Love. In "The Idylls of the King" the whole round table is dissolved because Lust, Hell's own blue tint, has triumphed over Love. In "Maud" the hero of the poem only attains the secret of existence as he learns the secret of Love. And in "In Memoriam" it is Love that offers the surest ground to the mourner that he will meet his friend in the great Hereafter.

"Love is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend
Which every hour his couriers bring.
"Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,
"And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well."

"In Memoriam." Canto xxvi.

God is not a crazy musician who invents tunes to which there is no harmony. God is not a half-witted artist who paints pictures which have no meaning. God is not a false Devil who creates Love simply that he may destroy it. If Life is not to be a mockery it is inevitable that Reason and Love should triumph at the last. It may be true, as Benson points out, that Tennyson never makes a single reference to the Resurrection of our Lord, but it cannot be doubted that the twin principles of Reason and Love, for which our Lord himself stood, were also the two main factors that brought healing and comfort to Tennyson in his hour of sorrow.

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT**ARE PRISONS TOO HUMANE?**

YES, By ANGUS M. KERR.

THE recent outbreak at Dartmoor has shown that our prisons are too humane. Any relaxing of discipline, indulgent and soft treatment are far more likely to cause an outbreak than a system of rigid severity. The young gun-man, the desperate character, the "old lag," the long timer, and the "lifer" look on leniency as weakness and take advantage of it. They showed no mercy to their victims, and mercy should be denied them. This is not written in a spirit of vindictiveness, it is plain horse sense. Let the treatment of such criminals in jail be severe, uncomfortable, and unpleasant, without being brutal, and they will never want to come back again; but treat them "soft" and they will regard prison as a haven of rest.

During the last fifteen years the routine in our prisons has altered considerably, and this is due to the efforts of so-called prison reformers. In listening to their clamourings, and by doing away with the old-time severity in our jails, we have erred on the side of leniency. Where the convict used to expect broad arrow marked clothing to wear, and machine clipped hair to remind him of his status, stone breaking for punishment, "skilly," bread and water to eat and drink, and long spells of solitary confinement, he is now provided with less conspicuous clothing, is not so close cropped, is taught a variety of useful trades, can earn light duty, gets jam for his tea and tobacco to smoke, whilst for his amusement there are books to read, concerts and lectures to enjoy, and even summer excursions where these can safely be arranged. It is surprising that he almost forgets he is a prisoner at all?

As they sow, so shall they reap—ought to be the motto of our prisons. Let them be graded, so that the punishment fits the crime, and make the treatment more and more severe as the crime deserves, and as the offender comes back for another dose. We often hear of jails being closed, and their sites being sold for other purposes, the reason given being that there are not enough prisoners to fill them. This is a mistake. They are just what is needed to sort out the habitual criminals from the less hardened, to put into practice the idea of graded punishment. Incidentally such an increase in the number of our jails would give a better chance of promotion to our best and most trustworthy warders, who find advancement blocked and would act as an encouragement to others who might otherwise be inclined to better their lot by accepting bribes from outside and from the prisoners themselves.

In America they have a system of indeterminate imprisonment. That is to say a prisoner is sentenced to perhaps a minimum of one, and maximum of ten years, the period actually spent in jail being settled by the prison authorities. This does not work well in the United States, because the jail staffs are dependent on political influences, but it would be a great advance in this country, where we have such generally good and faithful servants in our prisons. If a prisoner thoroughly deserved to be let out earlier than the maximum time to

NO, By B. RAVENSCROFT.

PEOPLE who point to the recent mutiny at Dartmoor as proof that our prison system is too humane must surely overlook the fact that the official report clearly stated that the late governor "was certainly not less severe than his predecessors." To the unbiased observer it would seem that bad food, damp cells, and the presence of certain warders who fell below the required standard of integrity, were not altogether superficial reasons for discontent among the Dartmoor convicts. To suggest that an added strictness of régime, severer and more frequent punishments, would have made the men more contented with their lot is a strange argument.

For good or ill, we have emerged from the period when to send a thief to prison instead of hanging him was regarded as the height of humanity. The old idea that prison life ought to be a kind of living death is practically extinct, save amongst a few octogenarian judges. Society has progressed to the extent that it no longer believes that a prison sentence need necessarily mean the end of all things for any self-respecting man or woman. It still professes to believe in the reality of crime and the practical desirability of punishment, but it does feel that both during and after that punishment the offender should be given some chance to "make good." And, in strict conformity with democratic principles, it refuses to discriminate too closely between criminal and criminal. Society, in short, still feels justified in hitting back at the individual who commits the unfor-giveable sin of attacking it, but it is also convinced that prisons should be reformatory as well as penal, although more than a little vague as to which element should predominate within their walls.

It is said that a nation generally gets the government it deserves—or desires. Similarly, the penal system of a free country is usually framed in accordance with the weight of public opinion. It is bound to be a little behind the theories of the more advanced humanitarians, a little ahead of the reactionary school. But if it "goes down" with the man in the street, it may be assumed to be serving its purpose fairly efficiently. Judged by this test, there would not seem to be much wrong with the bulk of our prisons to-day.

The modern prison is uncomfortable enough to prevent anyone regarding it as a desirable residence, save a relatively small number of "old lags" who, with a contempt bred of familiarity, avowedly prefer its sanctuary to the never-ending hunt for a night's shelter. At the same time, it does try by a system of progressive privileges, based upon good conduct, and by means of lectures, concerts, or even an occasional game of football, to keep the men in touch with the civilisation in which they once moved. Looking to the future, prison authorities even try to facilitate the convicts' subsequent search for work by providing instruction in various arts and crafts.

Open as they are to all prisoners, it goes without saying that these "humane" activities often fail hopelessly, even absurdly. "I don't want to go to no bloomin' overleaf)

(Continued)

YES.

ARE PRISONS TOO HUMANE ?

NO.

which he has been sentenced, then by all means let him out, and give him a fair chance to start again; but do not be lenient or sentimental about it. Do not let our governors of prisons hesitate to keep a man for his full sentence if his state of mind and general behaviour warrants it. If he turns out to be a ring-leader in petty or serious disturbances, go a step further and send him along to the next severe grade of prison to finish his sentence.

The Dartmoor outbreak has shown us the fallacy of putting trust in hardened criminals, and pampering them with all sorts of privileges. Our prison authorities owe a very real duty to the public and the State, and that duty is to deter prisoners from being a menace to society after their release. Prisons must be made uncomfortable resting places, and sufficiently unpleasant to make a prisoner never want to see the inside of one again. Pampering convicts, and making life in jails comparatively easy and comfortable merely encourages crime, and is quite useless as a deterrent.

lecture," one prisoner is said to have protested indignantly not long ago, "it's not part of me sentence!"

Borstal institutions are probably the least satisfactory of our modern houses of detention. If humanity needs to be blended with severity in dealing with ordinary convicts "en masse," how much more does this apply in regard to young criminals who have all their lives before them in which to recover from an initial slip. Yet it is still possible for a British judge to remark, in sentencing a boy to three years at Borstal, for the heinous crime of rick-burning, "I hope they will give you a bad time of it"! Judging by the crying scandal arising from the increasing number of confirmed criminals known to have "graduated" at Borstal, these seminaries would appear to be worthily fulfilling the judge's pious hope. Their drastic reform is long overdue.

But there can be little doubt that the generality of our prisons are pulling their weight as satisfactorily as is possible, hampered as they are by the shifting tendencies of a social system which has not yet made up its mind whether to regard crime as a sin or as a disease.

S—TORY**TO STOP THE TRAIN**

By A. T. K. GRANT.

As the train glided into the station I edged towards the nearest door and grabbed at the handle. Fate was with me; one may well be pardoned a feeling of satisfaction, and of superiority over one's fellow beings, when one has captured a corner seat and an empty compartment to boot. There are so few legitimate triumphs that can come as a reward for the enterprise of the ordinary individual in the course of his everyday affairs, that those that still remain taste all the sweeter for their rarity. Of course solitude and a window on which to rest an elbow should have been enough for any reasonable man, but more than that, even though I was very tired, I felt that glow of warmth which spiritual stiff-neckedness, or its twentieth century moral equivalent, can bring. The others—*pauvre canaille*—had crowded in at the back of the train because the porters had said "Plenty of room at the back," and had said it loud and clear. I, in my proud perversity, had gone to the front, and the wages of disobedience were pleasing to the soul. I felt that I had outwitted my fellows, the Railway Company, and, by some obscure process of reasoning, all that the Railway Company stood for—the Ministry of Transport, the Government, the very scheme of things itself. And I stretched my legs and leaned my head upon my hand and closed my eyes in tired exultation.

We had been travelling some little time, when a sudden rustling, an unexpected movement, attracted my attention, and I started with surprise. Alas, I discovered that my hope and my pride had both been premature; I was not alone. Opposite me, in the other corner seat, sat a short stout little man, and very old. His huge round head (he was completely bald, and the surface was unbroken by a single wrinkle) gleamed and glittered in the

sunlight that crept in through the carriage window. I found myself staring at the baldness—a polished shiny baldness such as a pebble might acquire after having been tossed and swept through seas and rivers for many thousands of year with other pebbles. The same smooth whiteness.

"I really must apologise," he said.

There was nothing that he needed apologise for, that I could see; I had no specific right to the solitary confinement which I had coveted, and which he had broken. Giving a monosyllabic grunt that was intended to sound affable, I waited.

"It must be rather a trial for you," he went on. "A startling experience."

"I don't see why," I replied. I was worried in my own mind, because the train would not stop for two hours, I knew, and there was the very definite danger that he would attempt to carry on a conversation without end. It seemed advisable to prevent any outburst of senile garrulity before it reached uncontrollable proportions.

"I quite understand," he said, "that it must be rather a strange experience for you meeting an abstraction face to face for the first time."

"It must be," I agreed coldly. I wanted to stop the flow of talk at any price.

"I should have said personification, not abstraction," he explained.

"Perhaps you mean the personification of an abstraction," I suggested in sarcasm.

"Ah yes. That's it." He smiled at me. "Thank you."

There was a pause. One half of me wanted to ask

him to explain what he wished to say. The other half of me warned me that once he had started he would never stop.

However he was quite equal to talking without encouragement.

"Personification of an abstraction. Yes," he mused. Then turning to me, "How did you know?" he asked.

"I didn't," I replied with relish.

"I didn't think you did," he smiled, and I sank lower into my seat. Decidedly that was one up to him.

"If I might be pardoned the question—Who are you?" The inquisitive side of me had won the day.

"Me? I'm a joke," he said.

I thought it polite to try and look as if I disagreed.

He tried to reassure me. "Really. A joke. The personification of a joke."

"It must have been a very good joke," I suggested.

"I was," he replied.

I nodded my head in assent.

"I'm a very old joke," he added with pride.

"I can see that," I said frivolously.

"Late neanderthal. The noblest age that the cosmic system has ever seen. I'm proud to have belonged to it. Men were men then. None of this modern nonsense. Late neanderthal."

"Yes, I suppose you must think us very decadent compared to those stirring times," I said as bitingly as I knew how.

"I was first made—as a joke, that is—in the Ural mountains, the cradle of the human race."

"Were you?" I said, attracted by this stimulating contribution to anthropology.

"A cave man made a joke—that's me—to his wife."

"Yes."

"She just laughed because she thought it was the right thing to do. She didn't understand. Women always laugh automatically." His scorn was magnificent.

"That must be exasperating."

"I WAS THE FIRST JOKE MADE IN THE WORLD," he screamed, "AND NOBODY EVER SAW ME."

He jumped on to the luggage rack, and his face was livid with rage.

"Perhaps I shall see you," I said. "Will that help? Will that give you peace?"

"I have forgotten. I have forgotten the joke. I have forgotten myself," he howled.

In his fury he had jumped across the compartment to the other luggage rack over my head. He flung himself in madness upon me, and I felt his fingers at my throat. All was swimming, and then I remembered my last chance. I lunged upward.

The train had come to a standstill.

Trying to look insolent, I flourished some banknotes at the Guard.

After all, I couldn't very well explain that I had pulled the communication cord in my sleep.

The Guard wouldn't have seen the joke.

A SATURDAY DICTIONARY

QUOTA SCHEMES

IN its current meaning, the word "quota" has travelled a little distance from the dictionary definition. It denotes a Governmental limitation on output or on free entry into a country, and that limitation, which rests on a compulsory basis, may enforce either a maximum or a minimum. An example of the former is the United States immigration quota legislation, which lays down the maximum number of emigrants from any country who may be admitted in any one year for purposes of residence, as apart from those of a temporary visit.

An example of the minimum quota is provided by the Cinematograph Films Act, 1927, under which a fixed proportion of full-length British-made pictures, ranging from 5 per cent. in 1928/29 to 20 per cent. in 1935/36, must be included in the programmes of all cinema theatres in Great Britain. As in the case of similar enactments by various European countries, there is no objection to the statutory maximum being exceeded, but failure to observe the minimum requirements renders those concerned liable to prosecution by the Board of Trade.

The United States immigration quota is exceptional, in that it lays down a fixed standard. In the majority of instances, whether the quota enforces a minimum or a maximum it operates on a proportional basis; for example wheat imports under a quota scheme might be limited to a prescribed proportion of the annual home

production, while the existing coal quota fixes the tonnage that a given colliery or group of collieries may sell during a certain period. One characteristic, however, is shared by all quota schemes; their basis, whether a sliding scale, a fixed percentage, or a definite quantum, must inevitably be arbitrary, at least to a considerable extent.

To a certain extent, a quota represents a modified form of Protection, as is the case with the English and German legislation regarding the exhibition of native films. This aspect has on occasion led to quota schemes being denounced on principle by dyed-in-the-wool Free Traders, but the attitude is not particularly logical, since it fails to differentiate between a tariff on imports and a check to unrestricted imports that may either never operate, or come into play only during a contingency. For instance, while the French and German film quotas did, for a time at least, lead to an artificial diminution of American imports, there is no evidence to show that the British legislation has had any such effect.

Perhaps a more logical argument would be that quotas tend to operate as a species of concealed or indirect subsidy, owing to the protection, in the literal sense of the word, that they afford to domestic industry. But apart from the lessons gained from practice, such an objection could only be substantiated by proving that any subsidy is bad in principle.

THE PAPAL INDEX

Mr. J. W. Poynter, as an ex-Catholic, raises a point of interest to Catholics and Protestants alike, in giving details of some of the works which Roman Catholics are forbidden to read. No doubt one of our Catholic readers will explain the reason for some of the more curious features of these prohibitions.—ED.

To the Editor of the "Saturday Review."

Sir,—Some curiosity seems to exist as to the precise nature of the Papal "Index of Forbidden Books": so perhaps this letter may be useful as giving the facts. I do not here argue as to the merits of the institution. I confine myself to facts.

The latest edition of the "Index" is that published in 1929 by the Vatican Press, with title, "Indice dei Libri Proibiti." It consists of a Preface stating principles, and a long list of books forbidden by name. The prohibition does not extend, however, merely to books actually included in the list. Any books against the moral or theological teaching of the Roman Church are forbidden to be read except by permission.

The books actually named are named simply because there has been special reason for examining them. No versions of the Bible may be read except those expressly approved by the Holy See or a Roman Catholic bishop. The Index also states: "Books condemned by the Apostolic See are to be considered forbidden throughout the entire world; and translations of them are likewise to be considered forbidden."

Amongst those forbidden by name are:—The late Lord Acton's "History of the Vatican Council," Addison's "Remarks on Several Parts of Italy," Baron's "De Augmentis," Bergson's "Matter and Memory," "Creative Evolution," and "Essay on Consciousness," Berkeley's "Minute Philosopher," Bingham's "Ecclesiastical Origins," J. J. Blunt's "Vestiges of Old Italian Customs," Browne's "Religio Medici," the "Book of Common Prayer," Comte's "Positive Philosophy," Cudworth's "Intellectual System," Erasmus Darwin's "Zoonomia," Daudet's "Voyage of Shakespeare," Descartes' "Meditations," and other works, including his philosophical works "until corrected" (Descartes being long dead, what can that mean but that the works may be read if altered as to the author's real or full meaning?), all the novels of the two Alexander Dumas, father and son, Friedrich's "Vatican Council" and other works, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Goldsmith's "Abridged History of England," Hallam's "Constitutional History" and "Middle Ages," all the works of Hobbes the philosopher, Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame" and "Les Misérables," all the works of Hume the philosopher, Locke's "Human Understanding" and "Reasonableness of Christianity," all the works of Maeterlinck, Mill's "Political Economy," Sabatier's "Life of St. Francis of Assisi."

The foregoing is of course merely a selection from a list consisting of hundreds of books.

Highbury, N.5.

J. W. POYNTER.

THEATRE BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

"Derby Day." By A. P. Herbert. Music by Alfred Reynolds. Lyric Hammersmith

"DERBY DAY" will probably be immensely successful at the Lyric, Hammersmith. It deserves to be; and one gets as a rule, more or less what one deserves in the Theatre.

This rule of Appropriate Rewards is not—not entirely, anyway—a matter of the play's intrinsic goodness or badness; for there are other, far more influential, factors in the situation besides the author's contribution. A good play badly acted and produced does not deserve to succeed; for in that case something potentially delightful is deteriorated into something actually incon siderable. And indeed, if I had to name one cause which has contributed above all others to the present "slump" in theatre-going, I should point an accusing finger at the undistinguished, not to say shoddy, style in which too many managers are in the habit of presenting plays. It is this, I fancy, rather than the greater comfort of its cheaper seats, which is popularising the Cinema—at the expense of the Theatre.

But I am forgetting "Derby-Day." I have already remarked that it deserves to be successful. From my parenthetical observations you may have jumped to the conclusion that Sir Nigel Playfair has provided Mr. A. P. Herbert's comic opera with a Cochranian production. Those of my readers who are acquainted with Sir Nigel's methods will probably be sceptical; those who have already seen "Derby Day" will assuredly be wondering whether I am wholly sane. For the truth is that, as usual at Hammersmith, the presentation is so mediocre that if (as happened to "Tantivy Towers") the whole thing, lock, stock and barrel, were transferred to a West End theatre, the result commercially would be disastrous. The make-shift scenery, the inadequacy (and I speak euphemistically) of some of the actors, and the general amateurishness of the production would become, in that different environment, so glaringly conspicuous, that the "show" (to use a comprehensive term) would seem simply "not good enough."

But the Lyric at Hammersmith, is unique in this: that provided the author and composer have done well, the shortcomings of the presentation are of minor consequence. Indeed, I am far from sure that these invariable shortcomings are not part of the peculiar charm of Sir Nigel's management, and that if (say) Mr. Cochran were to lease the theatre and present a revised and squander-maniac production of "Derby Day," the result would not be somehow . . . spoil-sport. For instance, Mr. Sheringham's scenery is more "amusing" than in all probability it would have been if Sir Nigel's budget had permitted a greater extravagance. A larger stage and an expert in directing "crowds" might easily have so conventionalised the race-scenes as to make them trite and even tedious. It is even possible that . . .

But my glance eye keeps wandering back suspiciously to that word "amusing." It is not, in those inverted commas, an unequivocally complimentary word. It

suggests affectation; or at least a calculated pandering to the audience's affectation. It suggests indeed, all kinds of exceedingly unpleasant things—nearly all of them connected with the insincere enthusiasms of our pseudo-Intellectuals. And yet I cannot think of any other epithet which would summarise as aptly, not only the scenery, but the whole (if you'll forgive the word) caboodle—play, players and production—at the Lyric.

Yet "Derby Day" is not affected. In what sense, then, is it an "amusing" show? I think the answer is that it is frankly impecunious and ingeniously makeshift. Of course, if Mr. Herbert's play were less continuously amusing (in the ordinary sense), no amount of candour, no amount of cunning, could possibly reconcile us to the manifest inadequacy of the production. But why worry about "if's"?—when the indubitable truth is that Mr. Herbert has concocted a delightful *mélange* of romance and satire. The satire is sharp, and yet not too pungent to blend palatably with the not-too-sickly-sweet romance.

How much longer the performing bees in Mr. Herbert's bonnet will continue to amuse us is a question to which he will be well advised to think out an answer. To change the metaphor, in attacking once again the Licensing Authorities, he is not so much still flogging the same old dead horse, as still belabouring the same old living mules. There is no denying he has found some fine new sticks to beat them with. Moreover (incredible as it will seem—or so one prays!—to our grandchildren) he has not had to invent the best of them—Sir Horace Waters for example, and his wife—but has found them, fashioned by some prank of Nature, lying ready to his hand. And if I could believe that Mr. Herbert might, by persistence, in the end convert these

"elders of the town

"Whose only joy it is to put joy down," or rouse their victims out of their present querulous submission to a mood of righteous militancy,—well, in that case I should be the last to try and divert Mr. Herbert's muse to some fresh battlefield. But how can one believe this? And if not, how can I do else than warn him that a fruitless persistence in the championship of a lost cause may, in the end, grow wearisome?

But that end is not yet come. "Derby Day" is written with a wit so fresh and with a charm so gay that the piece from the start to finish is continuously delightful. And the tunes supplied by Mr. Reynolds are something more than merely pleasant and melodious; they are apt. As for the actors, it is putting it mildly to say that "Derby Day" is immeasurably better served than was (except for Mr. Trefor Jones) "Tantivy Towers." If in one or two instances the singing or the acting might be better, in none is there a failure to reveal intelligently the purpose of the piece. Of Miss Tessa Deane as vocalist I can only surmise the excellence; for on the evening I was present, laryngitis was restricting her to a mere hint of song. But it was a very significant and pleasant hint; and her playing of the barmaid-heroine was charming—and splendidly articulate. Mr. Scott Russell was most perfectly the honest landlord; Mr. Leslie French played a cockney tipster with discretion; Miss Mabel Constanduros was a Belcher character incarnate; and I thought that Mr. Bruce Anderson gave a very clever performance as the brainless and good-natured villain.

FILMS BY MARK FORREST

Woman from Monte Carlo. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The Regal and The London Pavilion.

Arsene Lupin. Directed by Jack Conway. The Empire.

Delicious. Directed by David Butler. The Tivoli.

ALMOST the opening remark in "Woman from Monte Carlo" is made by a sailor on board the French cruiser, Lafayette. This warship is the pride of the French navy and she has been ordered into Toulon where a concentration of the French fleet has been ordered prior to the outbreak of the Great War. You see a part of the concentration, the cruiser approaching from the open sea and then a sailor says, apropos shore leave, "how that blonde baby can love."

It is incredible that with the advantage of a French script, for the play is based on "Veille d'Armes," a most successful English version of which was done by the late Mr. Michael Morton under the title of "In the Night Watch," the Americans should thus play the fool with the original. They have kept the French uniforms and the French names so, presumably, they wish the picture to be regarded as French in its setting. However from the outset to the close of this extraordinary farrago of nonsense no attempt is made to get outside Hollywood.

The plot is quite a simple one and, if the situation happened at all, it was quite as likely to happen in the American navy as in any other one; it is, therefore, to be wondered at that the American adaptors, the French atmosphere being beyond them, did not take the complication and transfer it bodily to an American cruiser. The result might at any rate have been credible.

To make the confusion worse the woman from Monte Carlo, in other words our old friend the woman with a past, who did not exist in "In the Night Watch" whatever substance she had in "Veille d'Armes," is played by Lil Dagover. This fine actress, who acted so beautifully in "Tartuffe," cannot make head or tail of her part and no one can make head or tail of her for, though "women may have many faults and chiefly indifference to pleasing their husbands," this captain's wife is altogether too worthless a person.

"Arsene Lupin" at the Empire suffers from exactly the same weakness as "Woman from Monte Carlo." The characters ring up Passy and talk about the Avenue Victor Hugo, but the film is no nearer either of them than the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Hollywood. The story, however, in spite of being maltreated, is better than the one of the picture at the Regal and the London Pavilion, and the fact that the brothers Barrymore are both in the film provides an added interest. John is Arsene Lupin and Lionel the detective; it is as well to know that for they only give good performances of themselves. The latter adopts a limp, but beyond that leaves the mannerisms and characteristics of this famous detective entirely to the imagination; the former is very good looking.

The uniforms of the gendarmes are as far as the director has chosen to go in showing Paris. If these two pictures are released in the French capital the French should have a good laugh.

More wonderful perhaps even than these attempts at French atmosphere is the Scotch accent of Janet Gaynor in "Delicious"; no wonder they would not allow Heather, that's her Christian name in the film and she has a Scotch terrier, to enter the country. If the authorities had given this as their reason the story of the picture would have appeared more believeable. "Aboot" for "about" is the high water mark of this piece of characterisation and if the film does not inflame all the Irishmen in Glasgow then Scotland is not the country it was.

Admirers of Janet Gaynor, doubtless, will not care overmuch with what kind of an accent she speaks; with memories of "Seventh Heaven," "Merely Mary Ann" and "Daddy Longlegs," they will come prepared to witness a fairy story. They will not be disappointed; they will be rewarded with one of stupendous sweetness for a whole basin of sugar has been dropped in one cup of tea. "Delicious," pronounced in four syllables, the Scotch have a lot to answer for, tells how a wee Scotch lassie attracts a wealthy polo player; how she lands in America in spite of the immigration authorities by concealing herself in one of the loose boxes; how she is concealed in the polo player's home, but will not be beholden to him, and how she is sent out of the country again only to find the polo player at her elbow. The pair of them deserve a small house, or "hoose," in Greenock for the winter, but I am afraid the audience will allot them a castle in Spain.

Not all this picture is as bad as the foregoing; indeed at one time I thought that Mr. Gershwin, who has written the incidental music, was going to pull it out of the fire with his skit on landing in America. This piece of fantasy is very well contrived and had the film been kept in this key it might have been very entertaining; unfortunately, except for an interlude where El Brendel sings a love song, or his idea of it, the rest of the picture is taken quite seriously with the direst of results.

There is a newcomer to the screen, at least I don't remember his work before, in the person of Raul Roulien, who plays the young man in a troupe of Russian musicians. His performance holds out a promise of better things, and it seems to me that the wee Scotch lassie would have been much happier married to him than she would be married to the polo player. Charles Farrell has very little to do except show an interest in the extraordinary young person whom he finds hiding among his ponies; in the part of his valet, El Brendel manages to liven the film up a little, but there is too little of him, or if you must see Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor together all the time, there is too much.

NOTE.—We should be glad to hear from our readers if they appreciate the two columns which we are now devoting to film criticism, and also if we can be of assistance in choosing films suitable for their young people during the Easter holidays.—ED.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FUR CRUSADE

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent, who wants a list of animals humanely killed for their fur, the following are on the White List of the Fur Crusade:—

(1) All hooved animals,—Ponies, deer, antelope, goats, sheep, etc., including Persian lamb (but not broadtail, which is the prematurely born of the Persian lamb, the mother sheep being often treated with the greatest cruelty); also English moles (those from overseas are impaled with spikes), fancy rabbits, shorn lamb and imitated skins such as nutria-lamb, seal-coney, etc.

(2) Registered silver or black foxes from fur farms (of which there are over 5,000 in Canada alone). These have been tattooed inside both ears with a letter and number in the left ear, and letters only in the right. In made up skins traces of these marks should still be visible.

(3) All other farmed furs, which can be guaranteed obtained from a fur farm.

The Fur Fabric Trade is a new British industry, and beautiful samples made of silk and wool are now on sale at most stores. The artificial Persian Lamb, Astrachan, Nutria, and Pony Skin are particularly attractive.

Marja, No. 1, Wilton Place, Knightsbridge, London, specialises in fur fabric garments, and, I understand, is now receiving enquiries from America.

The British Fur Farmers' Association (Dept. B) Kingswood, Ulcombe, Maidstone, sell skins and also made-up garments of various furs, all humanely killed.

The Midland British Undyed Fur Industries also sell beautiful fur garments humanely killed. Write to the Hon. Sec., Mrs. Hunter, Daventry, Northants.

I. Bennett & Co. (Dept. F.) Pedigree Stock Farm, Maidenhead, sell fur animals for stock and also humanely killed furs.

Many of the animals to-day, whose skins are worn round the neck complete with paws, have been caught with that fiendish device the set-hook, which is widely used in America. The animal is induced to swallow a baited fish-hook attached to a wire trace with swivel, and is often left suspended for days with the fish-hook in its stomach. There is no chance of its twisting and breaking the wire, as the swivel turns with every movement of the tortured animal.

When so much money is given for less worthy causes, one wonders there is not a greater number of persons who see the light, and who will help in this work of outlawing the greatest mass martyrdom in the world to-day.

C. VAN DER BYL (Major).

Wappenham, Towcester, Northants.

WATERLOO BRIDGE

SIR,—You say "Waterloo Bridge will have to be rebuilt in any case; the attempt to ignore the engineering reports is merely silly obscurantism!" To what reports do you refer? No engineer has publicly stated that Waterloo Bridge cannot be preserved by underpinning. The feasibility of the operation was admitted by all the professional witnesses before the Royal Commission, including the engineers of the County Council; it is advocated by some of the foremost leaders in the profession. To reinstate the damaged parts has been the

declared policy of the County Council and of two Governments till the Charing Cross project temporarily fell through. As you justly point out, it must be revived. What excuse then is there for destroying a noble and famous bridge with the aid of a subvention properly destined for Charing Cross.

Pall Mall, S.W.1.

D. S. MACCOLL.

QUESTIONABLE FILMS

SIR,—May I say how entirely I agree with Mr. Pusey's sentiments about "questionable films."

A few days ago I witnessed two films at a sitting both of which disgusted me and my neighbours, judging from their comments, by the immoral tone, cheap sentiments and an underlying suggestion of "unsavouriness" which must surely be distasteful to nice feeling people, besides being definitely harmful to the juvenile element.

Although epics such as "Men like These" must of necessity be rare, likewise such beautiful and interesting films as "Chang" and "Africa Speaks," would it not be a relief to most of us to experience a change from themes dealing with the Eternal Triangle, and the degrading sex stuff so frequently shown?

I at any rate like to assume that the British Public as a whole looks for something more palatable than scenes depicting every kind of depravity and often served up in a medium of third rate Hollywood humour.

S. Leonards-on-Sea.

KATHARINE L. NASH.

EMPIRE ART

SIR,—Having read in your issue of the 20th inst., the suggestion that the Royal Academy should hold an Exhibition of Empire Art next winter, I think it right to let you know that for some years past the Royal Academy has had discussions with the Royal British Colonial Society of Artists with a view to holding Exhibitions of Empire Art at the Royal Academy.

In 1919 our Galleries were lent for the Canadian War Memorial Exhibition, and in 1923 for an Exhibition of the Sydney Society of Artists.

Since that time the Royal British Colonial Society has been endeavouring to arrange for a fully representative Exhibition of the Art of the Dominions, but owing to difficulties arising from the financial situation they find it impossible at present to secure a satisfactory representation.

Royal Academy of Arts. W. R. M. LAMB, Secretary.

LIMEING SOILS

SIR,—For the benefit of agriculture may I suggest that there are still a great many farmers, gardeners and smallholders in the kingdom who are not aware of the miraculous improvement that often follows a dressing with lime upon soils which are deficient in that substance. Peaty and clay soils are most likely to benefit by it, but other kinds, even some lying immediately above chalk or limestone, often also require it. Lime is easily dissolved and washed out of soils.

Besides being in itself an essential plant food, lime consolidates light soils and makes heavy ones more porous and therefore better drained and warmer.

It cleanses the soil from insect and fungoid pests and also sweetens it by neutralising the acids formed by decay of organic matter. If it is deficient the crops will be weakly and unable to resist attack of disease and insects.

P. G. TILLARD.

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ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

to be presented to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting of the Society, to be held at Halifax, on Monday, the 21st day of March, 1932

The Directors have great pleasure in submitting to the Members the Annual Statement of Accounts, shewing the operations of the Society during the financial year ended the 31st January, 1932.

It is very gratifying to the Directors to be able to report that, in a year of continued depression in trade and industry, and widespread unemployment, and through a period of the greatest anxiety in the National financial situation, there have been very substantial increases in all departments of the Society.

The following statement of the business at the end of last year, compared with the figures on the 1st February, 1928, being the date of the union of the Halifax Permanent and the Halifax Equitable Building Societies, indicates the enormous expansion and development of the business of the United Society during the last four years, viz :—

	Number Open Accounts	Invested Funds	Assets	Reserve Funds
Feb. 1st, 1932	476,604	£75,137,211	£77,950,353	£2,813,142
Feb. 1st, 1928	329,224	£45,520,281	£46,981,482	£1,461,200

Increase in 4 years 147,380 £29,616,930 £30,968,871 £1,351,942
ASSETS. The Total Assets at the end of the year amounted to £77,950,353, an increase of £7,902,954.

RESERVE FUND. The Reserve Fund, after providing for all interest and bonus allotted up to the date of the account stands at £2,813,142.

INCOME. The Income for the Year, exclusive of investments realised, was £33,459,870.

MORTGAGES. During the year there was a very heavy demand for loans upon mortgage of property, and the total amount advanced was £17,069,830. This sum is £176,758 more than the record sum advanced in the preceding year, and the average amount of advances completed each month has again exceeded £1,400,000.

The number of new Borrowers was 30,383 compared with 29,543 in the previous year, and the average amount advanced on each Mortgage was £561. The total amount now owing upon Mortgages is £59,775,663, an increase during the year of £6,872,879, and the total number of Borrowers is 152,035, an increase of 16,630.

Of this total 77 per cent. are in respect of Mortgages where the debt does not exceed £500, and the average amount owing on all the Society's Mortgages is only £393 each. The Mortgage accounts are again in an entirely satisfactory condition, and there are no properties of Borrowers in the possession of the Society to be reported in the statutory Schedule.

SHARE AND DEPOSIT FUNDS. The amount standing to the credit of Investing Shareholders and Depositors is £75,137,211, an increase of £7,382,400.

PROFITS. The net profit of the year after payment of all expenses and Income Tax, and after providing for all interest due to Depositors and Shareholders up to the date of the Account, is £428,641.

The Directors recommend that there shall be distributed, in addition to the interest of £3 10s. Od. per cent., a bonus of £1 10s. Od. per cent. upon the sum standing to the credit of Paid-up Shareholders, Class 1; and, in addition to the interest of £3 10s. Od. per cent. a bonus of £2 10s. Od. per cent. to the Subscription Investing Shareholders upon the total amount paid by them up to the end of the preceding year.

ACCOUNTS. The new accounts opened during the year numbered 91,014, and the total number of Shareholders' and Depositors' accounts open at the end of the year was 476,604, an increase of 37,976.

The Directors desire to congratulate the members upon the exceedingly satisfactory results of the business of the past year, and upon the very strong financial position of the Society, as revealed by the Statement of Accounts. In every respect the Society has maintained and strengthened its pre-eminent position as by far the largest Building Society in the World, a distinction it has now held for over 20 years.

ENOCH HILL,
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RIEWS

THE SECRET OF THE AEGEAN

The Early Age of Greece. By Sir William Ridgeway. Vol. II. Edited by A. S. F. Gow and D. S. Robertson. Cambridge University Press. 30s.

THE first volume of this book was published as long ago as 1901 and the main theory it set out to substantiate was that arrived at independently and first advanced by Ridgeway in 1896, viz., that the Aegean civilisation had originated and developed in the Aegean area and had not been superimposed on an aboriginal population by Achæan invaders. But this view which the present editors rightly acclaim as of permanent value towards the study of prehistoric Greece and marking a stage in the progress of thought and knowledge, and one now universally held, led Ridgeway to other and far more debateable conclusions. He held that the indigenous creators of the Aegean culture were a Greek-speaking people, and that the Achæan invaders were not Greeks at all, but Celts of an Hallstat iron age, earlier than the earliest now accredited to that Celtic cradle. This view led him to a consideration of the Celtic and Mediterranean worlds, so that this book and especially the present volume, is rather a survey of European civilisations generally than a particular inquiry into Hellenic culture, though that remains the core of the matter.

Ridgeway was ahead of his date in 1896, is it possible that he was still ahead when he died in 1926 leaving the rough proofs of the present volume to the care of his friends? Much of his elaborate comparison of the Achæan culture with that of the Celtic tribes of Britain and Ireland is plausible enough, but the conclusion that they were the same people does not follow; for whenever we can discern at all a primitive Aryan people they appear to be akin to Homeric heroes. Then again his brilliant survey of the dual culture, patriarchal and matriarchal, discoverable in the lore of Classic Greece, demonstrates, what we know now beyond a peradventure, that we are here faced by a mingling of races and culture; but it does not necessarily prove that the matriarchal folk were a Greek-speaking people. As for the wider contention that from Hatti and Phrygia and Lydia, through the Aegean, Italy, Spain and Southern Gaul to the British Isle, all the aboriginal neolithic peoples, save the Basques alone, spoke Indo-European tongues, Greek, Latin, or what not, it would throw all recent theories of the "Aryan" dispersal into the melting pot. But if Minoan script of an early date should prove translatable into Greek, then a Latin-speaking Ligurian would be conceivable. But whatever the fate of Ridgeway's theories may be his facts stand foursquare, and give his work a real and permanent value.

THE ART OF ETCHING

Original Engraving and Etching. An appreciation by Herbert Furst. Nelson. 42s.

IN the chaos of modern art, there is one medium of expression which has escaped the worst influences. Painting, sculpture, music and architecture are in the melting pot, and we have yet to be convinced that much

gold will emerge from the boiling deluge of theory. Etching, while it has ebbed and flowed between various ideals, has kept within certain boundaries. This is no doubt due to the discipline inherent in the craft itself, to the limitations imposed upon the artist by the technique. Insincerity and mediocrity in etching are far easier detected than in paint, marble or bronze. Reduced to the austere formula of ink and paper, stupidity or affectation is immediately apparent. The etcher cannot dazzle the spectator with colour, nor overwhelm him with bulk.

Mr. Herbert Furst's "Original Engraving and Etching" is an admirable book for many reasons. One is that in the vast collection of 188 illustrations by artists of all periods and nations from the Fifteenth century Master of the Berlin Profile to Mr. S. R. Badmin, who was born in 1906, there is not an indifferent plate, nothing trivial or unworthy. This is a remarkable tribute to the critic's industry and taste, but since Mr. Furst gives us in addition a useful treatise on the technique of engraving, drypoint, mezzotint, etching, and the methods and objects of print making, we have a book of permanent value to all who practice the art and enjoy it as collectors. In his brief biographies of the men included in this volume, Mr. Furst distinguishes between the derivative and the creative artist. He reveals the main characteristics of the masters, and places them in relation to their contemporaries and predecessors.

It is pleasant to find that the latter part of the book is devoted to British etchers. For technical ability and imaginative resource we possess a group of men and women who are seldom rivalled by foreign artists. The healthy state of etching here is the best augury for the future of art.

THE SEEDS OF WAR

Germany's Road to Ruin: Continuing the History of the Reign of the Emperor Wilhelm II. By Karl Friedrich Nowak. Putnam. 21s.

IN this volume Herr Nowak reviews the reign of the Kaiser from the fall of Bismarck to the Chancellorship of Bulow. The period covers the years 1890-1905, probably the most important years of the reign, for they saw the change in Anglo-German relations which drew this country into the Franco-Russian camp. Looking back into the past is always a treacherous business, we are all so apt to be wise after the event. On the whole, however, Herr Nowak writes fairly and reasonably, and is quite alive to the follies of German diplomacy which first curtly rejected our proffered friendship because it could not be cemented in offensive and defensive alliances, and then, when the alienation was almost complete, endeavoured to force us into agreement with Teutonic aims by siding against us in the many international rivalries of the time. Without being pro-British, Herr Nowak shows a quite exceptional understanding of our problems and mentality.

On the question of colonial enterprise, which, probably inevitably, embittered Anglo-German relations, no German will ever quite grasp English opposition to Germany's acquisition of lands marching with ours, or lying athwart our great trade-routes. To the German our attitude must have seemed dog-in-the-mangerish. But its real basis, acknowledged or unacknowledged, lay in the

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fact that Germany from the 'sixties onwards had proved an uncomfortable neighbour to those living on her borders in Europe, and was therefore not to be lightly invited to set up Colonial house next door to us in Africa or elsewhere. Much of the book is necessarily devoted to international relations, but German domestic affairs also receive attention, especially as they affected the relations of the Kaiser with his people.

The book, we understand, has been written in close co-operation with the ex-Kaiser, and although it gives no flattering portrait it does explain much in his conduct that needed explanation. Particularly interesting is Herr Nowak's reference to the Kaiser's genuine interest in reforms to better the conditions of the working-classes and to his minatory attacks upon the Social-Democrats, which demonstrated how far he was from understanding the position when the Social-Democrats and working classes had become identical. It was the Kaiser's misfortune that even when he understood events and saw things as they were he could be hoodwinked by the man who had his ear and confidence at the time. It is as a man singing continually against his own light that he here emerges, a tragic victim of tragedies into which he blundered with his eyes open.

Peace and Disarmament. By Leon Blum. Translated by A. Werth. Cape. 7s. 6d.

WHY these essays, or, rather, leading articles by the French Socialist leader should have been collected for a book and translated into English is difficult to understand. In an introduction, Mr. Dell says we ought to learn that every Frenchman is not a war-monger. Most of us, probably, knew as much before publication of this volume. Moreover, though M. Blum is a persuasive orator, he is comparatively clumsy with his pen. Rarely does he contrive to write two words as a pacifist without adding a third for Socialism, and the value of his pleading for many readers in all countries is

thereby diminished. While his argument for a better understanding with Germany is sound enough, there are passages which hint that his charity is for a nation which his comrades help to govern and does not extend to cover Fascist Italy.

GLAMOUR

Melba. By Percy Colson. Grayson and Grayson. 18s.

WHAT manner of a woman was Melba? That she was a superlatively great singer goes without saying. She was feted and courted by everyone from Royalty downwards. She had the prestige of a queen, to say nothing of the financial rewards. "If I had only the money that has been spent on flowers for me and nothing else, I should be a rich woman," she once said, and she was not exaggerating. She never sang for less than three hundred guineas at the opera, or five hundred at a private party.

Melba was not always rich, however, and Mr. Colson tells of her early days in Paris when it was all she could do to make her small savings suffice to pay for her lessons, clothes for herself and her child, rent, and living expenses: "many a time have I walked through the cold and rain to my lessons in order to avoid taking an omnibus." But success was not long in coming her way and after nine months she was ready to make her debut at Brussels in 1887. Her triumph was immediate. The following year she came to London, appearing in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. But the Brussels success was not repeated and Melba returned disappointed to Paris.

Then Lady de Gray wrote to Melba, saying, "If you come back, I promise you it will be very different." Melba came back. It was. The opera was *Romeo et Juliette*, sung in French for the first time in London. It was a wonderful cast—the de Reskes, Jean and Edouard, with Mancinelli conducting. The audience, too, was worthy of the cast. "The Prince and Princess of Wales were in the Royal Box, and all the leaders of society were present in force. . . . Among the audience Lady de Gray had brought to Covent Garden that night were those five lovely women, the Duchess of Leinster, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Countess of Warwick, Lady Dudley and Mrs. Cornwallis-West."

Of course Melba triumphed from first to last and the papers next day lauded her to the skies. But it proved to be only the first of many similar occasions between then and the outbreak of the Great War.

So much for Melba the singer. What of Melba the woman? Though she was both handsome and distinguished-looking, according to the author of this biography "there was nothing of the great lady about her." She was undeniably bourgeois in her tastes. "Her interest in literature was limited to light and sensational fiction and of art she knew nothing." Even "music was not a passion with her." She was singularly devoid of a sense of humour. And, like all famous singers, she suffered from jealousy though she was herself well aware of her failing. But she was a kind and loyal friend, almost disconcertingly frank in manner, and fond of parties, good food, and society. Mr. Colson seems to sum up the enigmatic glamour of her personality almost perfectly when he remarks that Melba was "a very human being; much like the rest of us, except when she sang. Then indeed she was different."

BRIAN FITZGERALD.

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Total Claims Paid in the year, £4,923,215. The Company has paid £70,946,838 in claims since its establishment.

The Total Assurances existing on December 31st, 1931 amounted to £68,955,923 in the Ordinary Branch and £97,049,674 in the Industrial Branch.

The Premium Income in the Ordinary Branch was £4,139,059 being an increase of £127,891 over the previous year; and in the Industrial Branch it was £5,084,493, being an Increase of £142,902.

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A GLANCE AT PHILATELY

BY PATRICK HAMILTON.

THERE seems little doubt that after many years of undemonstrative struggle the Philatelist is coming into his own, and will soon be hailed as the rightful peer of the bibliophile, picture collector, or collector of objets d'art. In the past the collecting of small multi-coloured pieces of paper has been regarded as a childish complaint like measles, inevitable in years of early adolescence, but the subject of amused sympathy if contracted by the admittedly adult. Among the masses, the uninitiated have gone even further, the stamp collector being only one degree removed from the "Mother-in-Law" as a mirth provoking subject. The fact that sums of money, ranging from a few pence to thousands of pounds are willingly paid by serious minded men and women for little pieces of paper having no intrinsic value, strikes the layman as bordering on the senile.

The announcement that a Rembrandt, or a First Folio has realised an immense sum, is accepted as a perfectly normal occurrence, yet the expenditure of a comparable amount on say a Post Office Mauritius, is regarded as sheer insanity. Why? All three articles meet on common ground. In the material sense they have no useful value, intrinsically their price is so small as to be practically incalculable, all that any of them are good for is to be looked at and studied, and they are all early examples of their kind. What is the cause of the man in the street's contempt for matters philatelic, and moreover why are there not greater numbers of active stamp collectors?

It is of course a peculiar trait of the Englishman to shower ridicule on the personally incomprehensible. Art and letters still get their share of chaff, but the effect of the National Gallery, and the British Museum, have worked on the British mind with its awe of State Institutions to such purpose that the gibes are in a measure mitigated. Of course the British Museum has a stamp exhibit but it is not displayed with such prominence as other departments.

Do we start collecting stamps at too early an age? my own recollections of school conjure up many fervent stamp collectors, but I cannot recall any of my contemporaries who hoarded first editions or dry points. Of embryo entomologists there were a few, but I doubt if any of them can differentiate to-day between a Red Admiral and a Peacock. Philately in youth is a raging

furnace very fierce while it lasts, but soon consumed. The death rate of philatelic aspirations must be enormous. Collections formed in the hot blood of youth are handed over to sons and nephews without a pang. Can you imagine a fond father fostering his offspring's artistic yearnings with the presentation of a Corot acquired in his teens? Yet in the albums of schoolboy collectors are to be found Cape Triangular, and other early classics handed over to them by a parent who had half forgotten their existence.

Although thousands of men forget their collections with their schooldays, there are still an immense number of serious adult collectors in the world to-day. If weight of numbers be the test of popularity, then philately is by far the most popular of arts.

As to educational value, Philately is high in the scale. Geography and History are learned by a cursory glance through a well arranged album. The manners and customs of peoples in far away corners of the globe are exhibited. Engraving, Printing, and the many processes allied to the production and distribution of stamps are too numerous to mention in an article of this length, but they are all fraught with interest to the student.

In spite of the many technicalities that can be gone into, it will be found that they are incidental to and not absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of forming a stamp collection. Many dealers of high repute are only too willing to advise the intending collector as to the best field upon which to concentrate his energies. It is not necessary to be a millionaire to form a good representative display, and there is as much to be learned from the stamp costing a penny as from a superb specimen priced at hundreds of pounds. As in every other hobby, the embryo collector must cut his coat according to his cloth, and though he may have but little money to allot to his hobby the interest remains. Apart from the purely altruistic viewpoint, there is the fact that money spent on stamp-collecting is an investment. A judicious purchase of stamps when they appear will show a profit on the purchase price if held for a few years.

If you are interested in posterity, imagine an archaeologist a thousand years hence finding your album. There in a concise form will be displayed data which will tell a future generation more of the history of the nineteenth and twentieth Centuries than many libraries.

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CITY

Lombard Street, Wednesday.

Stock Exchange markets have been showing greater activity than for a long while past. This is due to a variety of causes. Cheap money, news of the repayment of a considerable proportion of the French and American credits due next August and the withdrawal of Treasury restrictions on the purchase of foreign exchange, have combined to bring about a more hopeful feeling. The problem at the moment is how to prevent the speculative movement going too far. It must be recognised that the rise in the sterling exchange is not necessarily due to any marked improvement in the economic position. It results mainly from the tendency of foreign currencies to flow to the pound as a natural corollary of the greater confidence felt abroad in our financial stability. Too rapid a rise would defeat its own end and over-optimism is to be deprecated as much as ultra-pessimism.

Investment Opportunities.

Discrimination on the part of investors is more necessary than ever. There are, undoubtedly, many good things going cheap and one has only to look at the intrinsic merits of some of the new capital issues now being offered to the public to discover sound investments yielding a very satisfactory return. Among more speculative counters Argentine Railway Ordinary stocks seem to be particularly attractive. This market has been somewhat neglected during the general rise in values, but as it offers some of the most genuine "equities" obtainable, a purchaser of any of the "Big Four" in the group cannot, I think, come to much harm if he is prepared to hold for a year or two.

Profits from Provisions.

Unity of interests brought about by the merger of the Home and Colonial Stores with Lipton, Ltd., a year ago has resulted in a big advance in the profits of both companies in the past twelve months. At £214,940 the net profit of Lipton, Ltd., shows an increase of £66,223 and the dividend on the Ordinary shares is raised from 20 to 25 per cent. This larger dividend of course benefits the controlling company, the Home and Colonial Stores, whose report discloses an increase in profit of no less than £269,386 despite a diminution of £40,558 in profits and a reduction of 5 per cent. in the dividend of the Meadow Dairy Co. which is also controlled by the H. & C. The Home & Colonial shareholders are merely to receive the same dividend as before, namely, 25 per cent., notwithstanding the bigger profits available, is due to the fact that a much larger capital ranks. The results undoubtedly reflect great credit on the organisation and management of this multiple stores business for it seems beyond question that even a business of this character must have been seriously handicapped by the reduced spending power of the community.

Prudential Strength.

In spite of the intensified trade depression the Prudential Assurance Co. again reports progress in each of the

three branches of its business. Even in the industrial section, which must naturally feel more acutely the effects of the trade stagnation, there is no falling off in the demand for assurance. Like other companies having large invested funds, the Prudential experienced heavy depreciation in the market value of its securities last year. The subject was fully dealt with by Sir Edgar Horne in his address to the shareholders at the annual meeting. So far as new investments are concerned Sir Edgar explained that, foreseeing the possibility of a further fall in values, the directors placed large sums in the highest class of short-term securities such as Treasury Bonds and War Loan. This wise policy should bring its reward now that security values are advancing. At any rate, as the chairman demonstrated, the shareholders have the satisfaction of knowing that the company started the new year with a clean balance sheet and the fact that it withstood successfully the disastrous events of 1931 not only reveals inherent strength but enables them to face the future with confidence.

Refuge Assurance Reserves.

At the annual meeting of the Refuge Assurance Company Mr. J. Wilcock Holgate, the chairman, pointed with satisfaction to the fact that the investment reserve funds of the company at the end of 1931 were more than sufficient to provide for depreciation in the company's investments, while since December 31 a material reduction in the amount of the depreciation had taken place. The sustained progress of the company, as outlined by the chairman, is clear evidence of the strength and adaptability of its organisation. The total premium income amounted to £9,223,551, an increase of £270,793 over that of the previous year. Of this increase the industrial section accounts for £142,902 and the ordinary section for £127,891. Such an improvement in a year of almost unexampled depression is matter for congratulation and clearly indicates the confidence that is placed in the "Refuge" by the public.

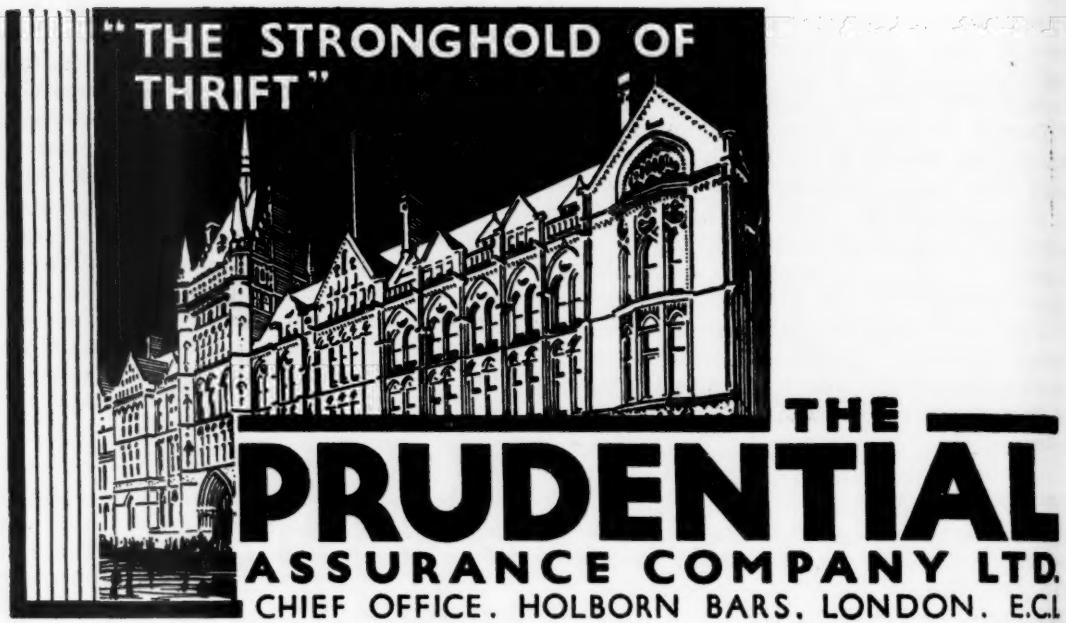
Electrical Progress.

Among industrial enterprises that continue to make headway despite the adverse trade conditions are electrical supply undertakings. Reports of several of these companies that have come to hand recently disclose a favourable financial position and in most instances profits show further expansion. Those of the Midland Counties Electric Supply Company, for instance, amounted to £402,139, against £376,963 for 1930. Of these totals £118,200 and £108,700 respectively were appropriated for depreciation and reserves, which clearly indicates the sound methods of the board in building up a strong financial structure. The shareholders again receive a 7 per cent. dividend, although the capital ranking has been further enlarged. The £1 Ordinary shares of the company are standing at about 29s., less last year's final dividend of 4½ per cent. shortly to be paid.

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POLICYHOLDERS' SHARE OF PROFITS	- - - - -	£1,798,537

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TOTAL SUMS ASSURED AND BONUS	- - - - -	£499,737,013
PREMIUMS RECEIVED	- - - - -	£18,804,288
PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS	- - - - -	£11,187,160
POLICYHOLDERS' SHARE OF PROFITS	- - - - -	£2,475,818

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Public Notice**THE SOCIETY OF INCORPORATED ACCOUNTANTS
AND AUDITORS.**

A.D. 1885.

EXAMINATIONS.

Notice is hereby given that the next Examination of Candidates resident in England and Wales will be held in London, Manchester, Cardiff and Leeds on the following dates:

Preliminary Examination May 2nd and 3rd, 1932.

Intermediate Examination May 4th and 5th, 1932.

Final Examination May 3rd, 4th and 5th, 1932.

Candidates desirous of presenting themselves must give notice to the undersigned on or before March 22nd, 1932.

By Order of the Council.

A. A. GARRETT,

Secretary.

Incorporated Accountants' Hall,
Victoria Embankment,
London, W.C.2.

The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week:

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Film, and Wireless programmes, and the books which in our opinion are the best of the week.—ED.]

THEATRES

GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S LIST

AMBASSADORS. *So Far and No Father.* By H. M. Harwood. 8.45. Tues. and Fri. 2.30. Marie Tempest in an adult farce.

HAYMARKET. *Can the Leopard . . . ?* by Ronald Jeana. (Whitehall 9832.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Gertrude Lawrence and Ian Hunter in a very witty and well-acted comedy.

ROYALTY. *While Parents Sleep.* By Anthony Kinnins. 8.40. Thurs. and Sat. 2.40. Not for the squeamish or the intellectual playgoer, but recommended for its rare vitality and boisterous high-spirits.

HIS MAJESTY'S. *Julius Caesar.* 8.15. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. A robustly theatrical revival by a company of "star" Shakespeareans.

DUCHESS. *"The Rose without a Thorn."* By Clifford Bax. 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. A dramatic and interesting play about Henry VIII. Finely written, finely acted.

LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH. *Derby Day.* By A. P. Herbert. Music by Alfred Reynolds. 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. A witty and amusing comic opera, satirizing kill-joys. Reviewed this week.

PRINCE OF WALES. *Below the Surface.* By J. L. F. Hunt and H. G. Stoker. 8.30. Wed., Thurs. and Sat. 2.30. Thrills in a submarine and an interesting Court-martial scene. Last performances.

BROADCASTING

WIRELESS EDITOR'S LIST

DAVENTRY NATIONAL

Monday, March 14, 6.50 p.m. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy will give the weekly talk on "New Books."

9.20 p.m. Mr. S. P. B. Mais will give the Tenth Talk in his series "The Unknown Island."

Tuesday, March 15, 7.20 p.m. Sir Walford Davies will perform on the Organ of St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. He will play the Organ Concerto, No. 3, in F. Major (Handel) assisted by Malcolm Boyle.

8.30 p.m. Mr. J. E. Barton's Talk in his series "Modern Art" is entitled "When shall we be civilised?"

Wednesday, March 16, 6.50 p.m. Mr. Francis Birrell will give his monthly talk on "The Cinema."

7.30 p.m. The fifth talk in the series "Changes in Family Life" will be by Sir William Beveridge, K.C.B., who will talk about "Nature and Nurture."

8.15 p.m. Felix Weingartner will conduct the eighteenth of the B.B.C. Series of Symphony Concerts to be relayed from Queen's Hall, which will comprise a Beethoven programme. The Orchestra will play the Overture, Prometheus; Symphony, No. 6, in F (The Pastoral); and the Overture, Leonora, No. 3. Huberman will perform the Violin Concerto in D, Op. 61.

Thursday, March 17, 7.30 p.m. Sir Arthur Salter, K.C.B., will continue his series "The Problem of World Government" with a talk on "How to Adapt the World's Government to the World's Needs."

FILMS

MARK FORREST'S LIST

LONDON FILMS

THE TIVOLI. Delicious. Criticized in this issue.

THE REGAL AND THE LONDON PAVILION. *Woman from Monte Carlo.* Criticized in this issue.

THE EMPIRE. *Arsene Lupin.* Criticized in this issue.

THE ACADEMY. *Cameradschaft.* This magnificent picture of Mr. Pabst should be seen by everyone.

THE CARLTON. *Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* A bit of Robert Louis Stevenson. Fredric March.

THE NEW GALLERY. *Forbidden.* A fine performance by Barbara Stanwyck. Adolphe Menjou is also in this picture.

THE POLYTECHNIC. *Livingstone.* This silent film is being revived.

THE RIALTO. *A Nous la Liberté.* Was the best film in London until *Cameradschaft* appeared.

GENERAL RELEASES

Alexander Hamilton. George Arliss gives a polished performance, but Washington's right hand man should be played by a younger actor.

Monkey Business. If you like the Four Marx Brothers. Son of India. Ramon Novarro.

BOOKS TO READ

LITERARY EDITOR'S LIST

Albert the Good. By Hector Bolitho. Cobden-Sanderson. 25s. A life of the Prince Consort which incorporates new and hitherto unpublished material.

The Last Medici. By H. Acton. Faber & Faber. 18s. Tells of the decline and fall of the great Florentine Family.

Alfred de Musset. By H. D. Sedgwick. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d. A biography dealing with his life rather than his work.

Lamb Before Elia. By F. V. Morley. Cape. 10s. 6d. A portrait of Lamb which should appeal very much to the present generation.

Sarah Churchill. By Frank Chancellor. P. Allen 12s. 6d. A lively picture of the Duchess throwing a new light upon her domestic relations with the Duke.

Reflections in Jamaica. By Mary Gaunt. Benn. 8s. 6d. A sketch of the life of the peasant people of that Island.

Forty Years in Africa. By Major Tudor G. Trevor. Hurst & Blackett. 12s. 6d.

Jane Austin. By David Rydderch. Cape 7s. 6d.

NOVELS

That Was Yesterday. By Storm Jameson. Heinemann 7s. 6d.

Props. By Naomi Jacob. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.